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ENGLISH FOLK-TALES IN AMERICA.

I.

HOW JACK WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

ONCE on a time there was a boy named Jack, and one morning he started to go and seek his fortune.

He had n't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a goat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a bull.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a skunk.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the skunk.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

Well, they went on till it was about dark, and they began to think of some place where they could spend the night. About this time they came in sight of a house, and Jack told them to keep still while he went up and looked in through the window. And there were some robbers counting over their money. Then Jack went back and told them to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they could. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat blatted, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a dreadful noise that it frightened the robbers all away.

And then they went in and took possession of the house. Jack was afraid the robbers would come back in the night, and so when it came time to go to bed he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat up-stairs, and he put the bull down cellar, and he put the skunk in the corner of the fireplace, and the rooster flew up on to the roof, and Jack went to bed.

By and by the robbers saw it was all dark and they sent one man back to the house to look after their money. Before long he came back in a great fright and told them his story.

"I went back to the house," said he, "and went in and tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, and there was an old woman knitting, and she stuck her knitting-needles into me.

"I went to the table to look after the money and there was a shoe-maker under the table, and he stuck his awl into me.

"I started to go up-stairs, and there was a man up there threshing, and he knocked me down with his flail.

"I started to go down cellar, and there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me up with his axe.

"I went to warm me at the fireplace, and there was an old woman washing dishes, and she threw her dish-water on to me.

"But I should n't have minded all that if it had n't been for that little fellow on top of the house, who kept a-hollering 'Toss him up to me-e! Toss him up to me-e!'" — *Contributed by Francis L. Palmer, Hartford, Conn.*, as told by his grandfather in Chicopee, Mass.

SECOND VERSION.

Once on a time there was a boy named Jack, who set out to seek his fortune. He had not gone but a little way when he came to a horse. The horse said, "Where are you going, Jack?" He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a cow. The cow said, "Where are you going, Jack?" He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't

you go along too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a ram. The ram said, "Where are you going, Jack?" He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a dog. The dog said, "Where are you going, Jack?" "I am going to seek my fortune. Won't you go too?" "Don't know, don't care if I do." So they all walked along together.

By and by they came to a cat. The cat said, "Where are you going, Jack?" Jack said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they all walked along together.

By and by they came to a rooster. The rooster said, "Where are you going, Jack?" "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go too?" "Don't know, don't care if I do." So they all walked along together.

They travelled along until it began to grow dark, and then they were looking for a place to spend the night, when they saw a log cabin in the edge of a woods.

Jack went up to the house and found the door unlocked, and went in. After looking about he found a good bed up-stairs and plenty of good food in the cupboard. There was a fire on the hearth. As he could see no one living there, after he had eaten a good supper and fed all the animals, he began to make preparations for the night. First he led the horse out into the stable, and fed him some hay, for he found plenty of good hay on the mow. Then he took all the other animals into the house, and he found the door closed into the locker, so he stationed the dog under the table near the door, so that he might bite any one who might chance to enter the house. The cat lay down on the hearth, and the rooster perched on a large cross-beam, and then he stationed the cow at the foot of the stairs, and the ram at the top of the stairs that led to the loft.

Then he covered up the fire, put out the light, and went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. Now it happened that this valley was the home of two wicked robbers, who had gone out during the day in search of plunder.

Late in the night Jack was awakened by a great noise, for the robbers had returned and opened the door, expecting to find things as usual. They were suddenly grabbed by the dog, who bit them furiously, barking all the while.

At last they managed to escape from him, and started to the fireplace, thinking to strike a light. One of the robbers tried to light

a match by a coal which he thought he saw shining in the ashes ; but this was the cat's eye, and as soon as she was molested she flew on them and scratched their faces dreadfully, till they were glad to escape from the fireplace.

They went from the fireplace toward the stairs, but as they passed under the rooster's perch he dropped *very disagreeable material* (these words to be whispered) upon them.

The robbers groped their way through the dark to the foot of the stairs, meaning to creep up to the bed and rest till morning, but just as they reached the stairs they were suddenly caught on the horns of the cow, and tossed up in the air. The ram called out, "Toss 'em up to me !" Before they lighted he caught them on his horns and tossed them up in the air. And the cow called out, "Toss 'em down to me !" Before they lighted she caught them on her horns and tossed them up in the air. Then the ram called out, "Toss 'em up to me !" And before they lighted he caught them on his horns, etc. (to be repeated *ad libitum*). And so they tossed them back and forth until they were all mangled and bloody.

At last they managed to escape from the cow's horns, and thought they would crawl off to the barn and spend the rest of the night. As they passed the dog in going to the door he gave them a parting snip, but they escaped from him and found the way out to the barn. When they tried to creep in at the door the horse began to kick them so dreadfully that they had to give that up, and were only just able to creep off to a fence corner, where they laid down and died.

As soon as Jack found that everything was quiet he went to sleep, and slept soundly till morn, after he got up and dressed himself. By and by he looked about and found there was a large bag of gold under his bed, which had been stolen from time to time by the robbers.

So Jack kept the gold, was well provided for, and lived happily forever after with his faithful animals. — *Contributed by Fannie D. Bergen, Cambridge, Mass.* Told in Mansfield, Ohio, about 1855.

THIRD VERSION. THE DOG, THE CAT, THE ASS, AND THE COCK.

(The tale which follows is given under reserves, as it may have been derived from print, according to the memory of the original narrator, namely, from a volume of German tales. But the language of the story bears a close resemblance to the Irish tale cited below. In any case, even if the narrative was borrowed from Grimm's No. 27 (*Die Bremer Stadt-Musikanten*), the only German form which corresponds, it has undergone, in the process of adaptation, such changes as make it of interest.)

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when beasts and fowls could talk, it happened that a dog lived in a farmer's barnyard. By and

by he grew tired of watching the house all night and working hard all day, so he thought he'd go out into the world to seek his fortune. One fine day, when the farmer had gone away, he started off down the road. He had n't gone far when he spied a cat curled up asleep on a doorstep in a farmer's yard, so he looked over the fence and called to the cat, —

"I'm going out into the world to seek my fortune ; don't you want to come along too ?"

But the cat said she was very comfortable where she was, and did n't think she cared to go travelling. But the dog told her that by and by when she got old the farmer would n't let her lie on his sunny doorstep, but would make her lie in the cold, no matter whether it snowed or not. So the cat concluded she'd go along too, and they walked down the road arm-in-arm.

They had n't gone far when they spied a jackass, eating grass in a farmer's yard. So the dog looked over the fence and called to the jackass, —

"We're going out into the world to seek our fortune, don't you want to come along too !"

But the jackass said he was very comfortable where he was, and did n't think he cared to go travelling. But the dog told him that by and by, when he got old and stiff, he'd have to work early and late, year after year, for only just what he would eat, and short allowance at that. So the jackass concluded to go along too, and they all walked down the road arm-in-arm.

They had n't gone far when they spied a cock crowing in a farmer's yard, so the dog looked over the fence and called, —

"We're going out into the world to seek our fortune, don't you want to come along too ?"

But the rooster said he was very comfortable where he was, and did n't think he cared to go travelling. But the dog told him that by and by, when it came Thanksgiving, *pop* would go his head, and he'd make a fine dinner for the farmer. So the rooster concluded he'd go along too, and they all walked down the road arm-in-arm.

Now they had neglected to take anything to eat along with them, and when night overtook them, weary, foot-sore, and hungry, they were in a dense forest, and they all began to blame the dog for getting them into such a scrape. The ass proposed that the cock should fly to the top of a high tree to see if he could discover a place for them to lodge. He had scarcely perched on a limb before he called to his friends that a house was a little way off, for he could see a light in the window. The dog called to him to come down and lead the way to the house, and they all walked off arm-in-arm to the house. When they got there it was perfectly still about the house ;

they could hear no one inside. The ass kicked at the door, but no one answered. They looked about and found the house had only one window, and that was so high up they could n't look in. He proposed that the jackass should stand on his hind legs, with his fore-legs resting against the house, while the dog should clamber up his back and stand on his head, the cat run up the backs of both, and the rooster fly to the cat's head, and then he could just look in at the window.

"Hurry and tell what you see," said the jackass, "for my neck is breaking off."

"I see a fire on a hearth and a table loaded with all sorts of fine things to eat ; turkey and plum pudding, and pan-dowdy, and a band of men sitting round the table."

"Zounds !" said the dog, "we must get in."

So the rooster flew against the window with such a crash that it scared the robbers — for this was a band of robbers — nearly to death. They jumped up from the table so quickly that they overturned their chairs and whisked out the candles, while in flew the rooster, the cat, and the dog at the window, while the jackass went round and waited at the door till the robbers came out and ran away.

Then the beasts lighted the candles again, and picked up the chairs, and sat down and had a good supper. Then they began to look about to see how they should dispose of themselves for the night. The jackass went out in the barn to sleep in the hay, the dog lay on the rug by the hearth, the cat took up her bed among the warm ashes, and the rooster flew to the ridge-pole of the house, and soon all were fast asleep, being very tired by their long day's journey.

By and by the robbers plucked up courage, and about midnight came back to the house to see if perchance they had not been scared at their shadows. Two of them got in at the window to take a survey, and seeing the cat's glowing eyes in the ashes mistook them for coals, and scratching a match in them the cat sunk her claws in his hand, which terrified him so much that in attempting to escape he ran against the dog and he in turn caught the robber by the leg and bit him. By this time the tumult had awakened the ass, and just as the robber rushed out at the door the jackass met him and kicked him ten feet in the air, while the rooster set up a hideous crowing. It took but a few minutes for the robbers to escape to the woods and find their companions, to whom they told a doleful tale, how in trying to light a match at the fireplace the devil with red-hot eyes stuck his claws into his hands, a second devil attacked him in the rear, while another devil kicked him into the air, and as he came down on the greensward, more dead than alive, another horrid

demon from the house-top cried out, "Throw the rascal up here, throw the rascal up here."

The thieves could never be induced to go back to the house. They thought it haunted by devils. So our friends, the jackass, the dog, the cat, and the rooster, lived there happy forever after, preferring it to travelling about to see the world. — *Contributed by Miss H. S. Thurston*, as told in Salem, Mass., about thirty years ago.

NOTE. — This tale is widely diffused through Europe. E. Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, Paris, 1886 (No. XLV. *Remarques*), enumerates French, Breton, German, Bohemian, Norwegian, Scotch (Gaelic), Irish, Italian, Catalanian, and Portuguese versions.

Some of these narratives replace the robbers by wolves, and in this case the tale becomes a beast fable, in which the domestic animals outwit the savage animals. The general idea, however, is the same, being a jest on the panic which caused the fierce occupants of the house to be ousted by the peaceable invaders.

No version appears to have been recorded in England. The Irish tale given by Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 5, may be compared with our third version, except that it has the same hero Jack, who appears in our first and second versions. Kennedy's tale has been greatly enlarged and altered, either by the recorder or narrator.

As respects the two versions first given there cannot be any doubt that these are traditional and independent. The Gaelic tale given by Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, No. 11, corresponds very closely in the dialogue. A farmer has a sheep, called the White Pet, who runs away because he is to be killed at Christmas.

He had not gone far when a bull met him. Said the bull to him, "All hail ! White Pet, where art thou going ?" "I," said the White Pet, "am going to seek my fortune ; they were going to kill me, and I thought I had better run away." "It is better for me," said the bull, "to go with thee, for they were going to do the very same with me." "I am willing," said the White Pet, "the larger the party the better the fun."

The animals are, beside the sheep and the bull, a dog, a cat, a cock, and a goose. At night they see a light, and reach a house, through the window of which they behold a troop of robbers. Each animal utters his own cry, and the robbers take flight. The allies then take up the position to which each was accustomed ; the sheep establishes himself in the middle of the floor, the cat in the candle-press, the dog at the fire, the cock on the rafters, the goose on the dung-hill without. The robber seeks a candle at the press and is scratched by the cat ; he tries to light it at the fire, but the dog gets up, dips his tail into a pail of water on the hearth, and in shaking his tail puts out the candle ; the sheep butts the intruder, the bull kicks him, and the goose without the house beats him with his wings. He returns, and reports that knives have been stuck into him, etc.

In the form in which the story has been diffused through Europe, the house appears to have been a peasant's cottage, one-storied, with a courtyard, a midden, and an adjoining stable. In this case, when the beasts take their accustomed positions, the larger animals remain outside. The Highlander saw no objection to introducing them into his one-roomed habitation. In the American versions the house has two stories. As even cocks, in this quarter of the world, do not lodge in living-rooms, little regard is paid to consistency ; the primitive realism is replaced by a humorous arrangement, with a view to effect on the childish mind ; the skunk is also a comic addition, out of place among domestic animals.

There is a kindred tale (*Grimm*, No. 41), which has had currency from the extreme Orient to Western Europe. As given by W. E. Griffiths, *The Mikado's Empire*, New York, 1877, p. 491 (cited in Cosquin 2, 106), a Japanese illustrated tale recites how a crab, having been abused by an ape, makes friends with a rice-mortar, a wasp, an egg, and a seaweed. The friends conceal themselves in the house; when the ape enters, and tries to light a fire in order to make a cup of tea, the egg which is hidden in the ashes bursts in his face, the wasp stings him as he runs to the closet for water to allay his pain (this trait appears in some versions of the former tale, as in the Gaelic form above cited); the ape's foot slips on the threshold where the seaweed is lying, and the mortar embraces the opportunity to fall on the unhappy foe and crush him. Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, London, 1871, p. 264, gives the illustrations. The crab and ape are humanized in form and dress, and the rice-mortar has a face marked on it.

Our fable has not escaped the attention of comparative mythologists. De Gubernatis, in his *Zoölogical Mythology*, London, 1872, vol. i. p. 1, 86, in noticing a kindred Russian tale, considers the bull to be a solar symbol! His words are: "The battle between the tame and the savage animals, won by the former, is an expression in zoölogical form of the victory of the heroes (the sun and the moon) over the masters of darkness." It may be observed, however, that a more peaceful animal than the bull, in the last version of our story, replaces the latter.

W. W. N.